



It's molly water, I love the feelin', hate the flavo-o-or (Yeah, yeah, yeah, let's go, let's go)

I don't get sleep, bae, I'm an insomniac (Yeah, yeah)  
Just point me to where the money at (Yeah, yeah)  
I'm ridin' 'round in a Bentley, I remember ridin' round in a Pontiac (Skrrt)  
I be in the brib, you won't catch me where the parties at  
Vlone Forgiatos on my whip, I've been feelin' like I'm Bari, yeah  
Brodie got a slut-slut, it got hella bodies, yeah  
She hide crack in her butt, but police, they won't find it, yeah  
I just count up bands and bust nuts, young, rich and horny, yeah  
But that's a different story, brodie scared I'ma be on Maury (Yeah)  
Momma scared that I'm gon' let these percocets straight up destroy me  
Told her I don't need 'em, then she watched me flush 'em down the toilet  
Three days later stomach beating, I was barely eating  
Now I'm back on my bullshit, I'm tweakin', off the Jimmies geekin' (Yeah)  
Just take two blues to the face, now I just break 'em even (Yeah)  
Life's a bitch, time to get my revenge, I'm gettin' even Steven (Yeah)  
Ignorant, wildin' out kid, I'm a fuckin' heathen (Yeah)  
Potty mouth gettin' ostrich, long neck from a diva (Yeah)

In the back of the Bentley, I'm loadin' up glizzies and gettin' my cake u-u-up (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
She suckin' my dick and I fuck on her face, fuckin' up her make u-u-up (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
It smell like water, put in my face, I love the flavo-o-or (Uh, uh, uh)  
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